

## The Critic

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### New York's Great Need, Again.

THE passage last week by Congress of the bill for providing a worthy home for the National Library again calls attention to the rapid development of libraries and the growth of popular interest in them. One recalls within a few years such library gifts as Newberry's two or three millions in Chicago, Enoch Pratt's million and more to Baltimore, Mrs. Fiske's million and a half to Cornell University, Judge Packer's half million to Lehigh University, Prof. Horsford's to Wellesley College (the amount of which, with characteristic modesty, has not been made public, but which approximates a quarter million), the great gifts to Northampton, Pittsburg, Providence, Oberlin and other places, with hundreds of smaller gifts scattered all through the country. Equally significant is the series of fine new library buildings recently finished or in process of erection. At the head of these will be the great building just voted by Congress. Then follow Boston's new Public Library, for which ground is about being broken; the Newberry building, in Chicago; the splendid new building, nearly up, of the Buffalo Young Men's Library; the Sage, at West Bay City; the Job Male, at Plainfield, N. J., and, in the single State of Massachusetts, Somerville, Chelsea, Lincoln, Quincy, Watertown, Wellesley, North Easton, Fitchburg and others will occur to those interested in this rapid growth. Among college libraries we recall recent fine buildings at Amherst, Columbia, Dartmouth, Lehigh, Oberlin and the Universities of Michigan and Vermont. Yale is just moving in the same direction, and Harvard, with its greatly admired new building of the present decade, is already talking of more room. Librarianship is rapidly becoming a distinct profession, and in the leading colleges the library is in charge of an officer of equal rank and importance with the older Chairs, instead of being attached to some over-worked professorship or to the janitor's department. Even New York, so berated for its lack of libraries, has four fine library buildings within three years—Columbia College, the Union and General Theological Seminaries, and the Ottendorfer Branch of the Free Circulating Library. The States are passing new and more liberal laws; Mercantile and Athenæum libraries are being made free, and often given to the public or merged in a new public library; new libraries are springing up at the rate of two or three per week; the old ones are remaining open later in the day, and on a greater number of days; they are adopting improved methods, making better catalogues and indexes, and in every way vying with each other in making their treasures useful. These are the signs of the time, so plain that he who runs may read. What has the most enterprising city in the world to do to bring itself abreast of this progress?

This winter has shown a gratifying general interest in the effort to wipe out New York's long-standing reproach. There are reasons, besides local pride, why it should stand first in the matter of library facilities, instead of being excelled, as now, by so many smaller towns and cities. Ex-

perience has demonstrated that, as a question of public policy, it pays for a city to provide the best reading without charge, and easily accessible to all its citizens; just as older experience proved that it paid to furnish in the same way the earlier part of education in the free schools. Not alone is it true that 'the more libraries the fewer work-houses and jails,' but there is direct gain in the quality of work, and in freedom from excitements, disturbances and violence based on ignorance and idleness. Many corporations and other large employers of labor have learned this economic lesson, and provided free libraries for their workmen for the same reason that they would, if there were no public schools, provide free instruction for their operatives' children.

There are two kinds of libraries, corresponding to the university and the common school. In most of the recent discussions these things have been confused. Not a little of the disagreement about the library bills at Albany was due to the fact that some were thinking of a scholars' and others of a people's library—or, as they are often called, of reference and lending libraries, though many of the best reference libraries also lend books and nearly all lending libraries are more or less used for reference. New York has great needs in both directions. Literary people, and those most likely to discuss the question publicly, have personal interests on the side of the reference libraries, and if New York is to be a literary centre and attract scholars to make their homes here, much is needed in addition to our present facilities. We ought first to make the most of what we have, which in the aggregate is already respectable.

The Astor is easily first, with its 220,000 well selected volumes. Then Columbia College, with 80,000, is committed to give creditable representation to philosophy, philology, the social and political sciences, law, classical and standard modern literature, the natural sciences, engineering and chemical technology. In theology we have two collections, at the Union and General Theological Seminaries. In law we have two more, at the Bar Association and Law Institute. Medicine is unhappily conspicuous by its absence, though it can hardly be that the Vanderbilts, who are doing so much for the College of Physicians and Surgeons, will fail to wipe out this metropolitan disgrace and provide a fine medical library. The Historical Society have a fine collection, sure to grow in its specialties; and people in whom unwavering faith is a marked characteristic still hope that the Lenox Library management may some day modify its evident motto, 'The least good to the smallest number.' The Art and Natural History Museums in Central Park ought to develop fine libraries in their specialties.

Without naming other collections, semi-public or private, if these libraries were united in a well-organized plan for meeting fully the wants of scholars, a great advance would be made, and the resulting public interest would certainly lead to rapid development. The others should follow the example of Columbia College, which has recently increased its hours about tenfold, opening all departments from 8 A.M. to 10 P.M., daily, including holidays and vacations, and making every effort to render its resources available to any scholar who may need them. The recently organized New York Library Club is moving in this direction, its first step being a union list of periodicals in a single alphabet with an abbreviation after each title, showing all the libraries in New York and Brooklyn where it is accessible. This will be followed with a similar list for all serials, and transactions of societies both American and foreign. Then every library should be supplied as fully as possible with the catalogues and indexes of every other New York collection; and, under the plan matured this week by the Co-operation Committee of the American Library Association, which met at Columbia College, the printed catalogue cards which are to be issued should be marked, like the 'Union List of Serials,' with the initials of all New York libraries containing them. This should be supplemented by having all these libraries on a single telephone circuit, so that all information could

be brought down to the moment, and a reader in any library could learn, without making the long journeys now necessary, whether any other could answer his wants. Chiefly, in the future, books should be bought as if these different libraries were all schools of a single university, or branches of a great metropolitan library—*i.e.*, costly works, of which a single copy would meet the city's wants, should be bought by that library in whose province they belong, and no more duplicates should be bought by this federation of independent libraries than would be bought by a single board of trustees. Of some works every library must have one or more copies. Of others two or three or even one copy will supply the demand for all. As a result, the money spent would go perhaps twice as far as now, and the books would do quite twice as much good. Besides the many special collections, the Astor down-town and the University Library of Columbia up-town make a splendid basis for building up what scholars need. The rapid university development of Columbia in the past few years has made a great library a necessity, so that it may compete for graduate students who everywhere depend chiefly on the library as the basis of all their work. The Trustees seem to have recognized this necessity, having spent over \$400,000 on their new library building, and increased appropriations, so that with the important gifts received the 50,000 volumes which they moved into the building two years ago bid fair to become 100,000 by the end of the first five years. To ignore the Astor and University Libraries and start a third general library instead of building up these two would be like ignoring Harvard College and the public reference library to which they correspond, in supplying Boston's wants. Such a plan would sacrifice the convenience of students and be wasteful of resources.

So much for the scholars' libraries. What is needed for the people? We are fairly started in getting rid of the common notion that libraries are luxuries for the wealthy or for advanced scholars—a notion corresponding to the old one that an education was important only for the learned few. In education the world has learned its lesson, and a city no more dares to go without schools than without police or sanitary organization. We are going through the same process now in regard to libraries, and careful students of the subject see, not very far in the future, a time when the library shall be the necessary complement of the public school in every community—when the 'what to read' shall be as much the care of the public as the 'how to read.' Educators have no hope of doing more for the masses in the public school than to teach them to read intelligently—that is, to take the author's meaning readily from the printed page, with the bare rudiments of arithmetic, etc., that go with this instruction. By the time this is done, most children must begin to earn their bread. All education beyond these rudiments must be got in some way after they leave school. The world is coming more and more to find its ideas and ideals, its motives and inspiration, in the printed page rather than the living voice; and if these lives are to be made better worth living we must in some way make the best reading readily available. We teach children in the schools how to read; but, human fashion, their reading is as apt to tend to the worst as to the best, if left without guiding and elevating influences. To do this work properly, New York needs small, carefully selected libraries, scattered up and down the east and west sides within a mile of each other. Each of these branches should be in charge of a librarian fully appreciating their importance and heartily interested in the work of putting in the hands of each reader, at each visit, the book that will be then and to him most helpful. This makes it necessary that there should be many libraries rather than a few large ones, for the librarian must know his constituents if he is to do them the most good. Experience has proved, too, that the library like the school must be made easily accessible to the homes of the people. The work is handicapped if people must travel far to get their

reading and good advice. Fortunately, this practical plan is also a more economical plan, and a given amount of money will do vastly more good in this way rather than if massed in one or more pretentious buildings at prohibitive distances from the homes of the people. Of course, for all the branches the books should be selected, bought and catalogued at a central bureau, thus reducing the administration expenses to a minimum. An appropriation of \$100,000 per year would maintain 10 to 20 branches, circulating from one to two millions of volumes. When the value of this amount of carefully directed reading is compared with the other expenses of the metropolis, the proportion will seem too small to challenge opposition from the most niggardly.

This is the way to begin, for it is spending the people's money more directly for the people than it would be by any other plan; and it will be free from the opposition of those who believe the State should stop at public schools and not provide for the higher education, and who will heartily support these popular libraries when they would oppose the making of a great collection for the scholarly few. The proprietary libraries, like the Mercantile and the Society, have a field of their own, wherein their members wish greater freedom, more books at once, and various privileges practicable in a club but not in a library free to all. Yet in many cases such collections and funds have been merged into newly organized free public libraries. Of course the Apprentices', the Bond Street and the Ottendorfer Libraries should be included in districting the city. The splendid work which they are doing on this plan makes it impossible to doubt the great and immediate success of a system of branches. Many thought when Mr. Ottendorfer opened a branch within ten blocks of the Free Library in Bond Street that it would divide its circulation. In fact, in eleven months, without advertising, the branch issued over 100,000 volumes, and the Bond Street, so far from losing half its circulation, issued a quarter more than when working alone the previous year. No better proof can be asked that 10,000 well selected volumes will be called for at least 100,000 times wherever in New York they may be made available.

## Reviews

### Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century.\*

IT is a real pleasure to recommend to our readers a work so valuable and so interesting as the handsome volume before us. To those who are specially interested in astronomy the book is simply indispensable, and the intelligent general reader will find its perusal as pleasant as it will be profitable. Such a history has long been needed. Its latest predecessor is the invaluable, but rather arid, 'History of Physical Astronomy,' by Professor Grant, which was published thirty-four years ago. Since then astronomy has become almost a new science; or at least, as Miss Clerke says in her preface, 'a "new astronomy" has grown up by the side of the old.' Of this last and most interesting chapter in the history of the science, no connected record had hitherto been written. We say 'most interesting,' meaning to the public generally; for, to quote again, 'one effect of the advent of the new astronomy, has been to render the science of the heavenly bodies more popular, both in its needs and in its nature, than formerly;' so that the history of the more recent development of the science, dependent as it has been on the newer methods of physical research, is unquestionably far more interesting to the (astronomical) laity than that of the older branch. The spectroscope and the photograph are, to most people, more entertaining than the meridian circle and the calculus of perturbations.

Miss Clerke, while not neglecting the old astronomy, avowedly deals more specially with the new; and although her name has not hitherto been familiar to the astronomical

\* History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century. By Agnes M. Clerke. 202, 6d. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.



public, there can be no question that she is thoroughly conversant with her subject. Her book is as bright and charming in style as it is trustworthy and impartial in its statement of facts: she has opinions of her own upon debated questions, and puts them clearly and forcibly, though never in a way to give reasonable offence to those who think differently. Her statements and quotations are usually not matters of memory, but of actual reference; and an extremely valuable feature of the book consists in the short foot-notes, which, without interrupting the pleasant flow of the narrative, refer the reader to the original sources of information. Her method secures her from any such unacknowledged and involuntary 'borrowing' as that into which the author of 'The Story of the Heavens' appears to have been betrayed by what may be called a quotationist memory—a possession most convenient, but also very treacherous.

The first six chapters of the book deal with the progress of astronomy during the first half of the century. As this period has been already covered in part by Professor Grant, Miss Clerke does not treat it so fully as the later years; but her presentation is clear, well proportioned and interesting, and she enlivens it here and there with capital little biographical sketches of some of the eminent astronomers. Bessel, Bond, Encke, Fraunhofer, the Herschels, Schröter, Struve, and several others, are thus noticed. Part II. devotes its first five chapters to the sun and solar physics, and is especially full in its treatment of the spectroscope and its discoveries; but we observe here one of the few important omissions in the book: there is no mention of the remarkable achievement of Professor Rowland in the matter of diffraction gratings. The sixth chapter—one of the best in the book—deals with the recent determinations of the sun's distance. The results of Professor Newcomb's investigations upon the velocity of light unfortunately appeared a month or two too late to be included in the discussion. The planets and their satellites claim the next two chapters; and Chapter IX. discusses the theories of 'Planetary Evolution.' Chapters X. and XI. deal very satisfactorily with 'Comets and Meteors.' Chapter XII. is devoted to the 'Stars and Nebule.' In a new edition this chapter ought to be rewritten and enlarged: it is good as far as it goes, but it is meagre, and out of proportion to the rest of the book. The thirteenth and final chapter is upon 'Methods of Research.' It describes the new instruments which are coming into use, and especially the monstrous telescopes lately built, or now in course of construction; and it sets forth the state of astronomical photography as it was six months ago. The work of the Henrys in Paris, and of others elsewhere, has, however, already slightly 'antiquated' this chapter—for which certainly no one can blame the author.

A pleasant characteristic of the work is its very fair and generous treatment of foreign astronomers; in agreeable contrast to that inability to appreciate the work of aliens which is so common with the French, and many English scientific writers. In fact, we really think that Miss Clerke gives American astronomers almost more than their dues—at which we do not mean to grumble, of course. We have said that the author's style is pleasing; sometimes it is almost poetic; it is always pithy and clear. We have room for but a single quotation, chosen at random, but fairly characteristic. Speaking of Beer and Mädler's work upon the moon, Miss Clerke observes:

This summation of knowledge in that branch had an air of finality which tended to discourage further inquiry. It gave form to a reaction against the sanguine views entertained by Hevelius, Schröter, Herschel and Gruithuisen as to the possibility of agreeable residence on the moon, and relegated the 'Selenites,' one of whose cities Schröter thought he had discovered, and of whose processions Gruithuisen had not despaired of becoming a spectator, to the shadowy land of the Ivory Gate. . . . The light contained in the work was in short a 'dry light,' not stimulating to the imagination. 'A mixture of a lie,' Bacon shrewdly remarks, 'doth ever add pleasure.' For many years, accordingly, Schmidt had the field of selenography almost to himself.

It would be unpardonable to omit to mention that crown and capstone of a good book's excellence—a well-made and copious index, which gives a time-pressed student instant access to every item in all the volume's wealth of information.

#### "The Bostonians," as Mr. Henry James Sees Them.\*

ALL circumstances seem to combine to make it easy to write an impartial review of Mr. James's last novel. Mr. James himself is in England, as usual; his book is published by a London house having a New York branch; and, since THE CRITIC is printed several scores of leagues from the city of Boston, it is certainly both safe and advisable for us to treat all the 'parties' with judicial candor. In the first place, we extend to the afflicted and indignant city whose name is so irreverently handled in Mr. James's title, our frank assurances that we quite agree with it in thinking that Mr. James really meant *some* Bostonians, not Bostonians in entirety. Thus, when Thackeray said 'The Virginians,' he left out many worthy and praiseworthy gentlemen and ladies entitled to use that name. Mr. James has not paid special attention to the Bostonians of the Somerset, Union, or St. Botolph clubs, of Trinity Church or the Old Corner Bookstore, of the Athenæum or the Art Museum. King's Chapel is mentioned but once, and the somewhat different 'types' at the Church of the Advent are ignored, though they might have filled a novel all by themselves. Cambridge, to be sure, 'figures prominently,' but it is the Cambridge of 'suburban homes,' 'Monadnoc place,' 'rotting plank-walks, etc. Can we believe our eyes when we find a gentleman who has enjoyed the privileges of a department of Harvard University speaking of Cambridge, as viewed from Charles Street, in such terms as these: 'The long, low bridge that crawled on its staggering posts across the Charles'; 'the desolate suburban horizons'; 'the general hard, cold void of the prospect'; 'there was something inexorable in the poverty of the scene, shameful in the meanness of its details,' etc. We will not quote more as to 'puddles,' 'the universal horse-car,' 'sheds and rotting piles,' 'loose fences,' and so on, but will reiterate that this is not all of Cambridge. Indeed, Mr. James himself speaks of 'the irregular group of heterogeneous buildings—chapels, dormitories, libraries, halls—which, scattered among slender trees, over a space reserved by means of a low rustic fence, rather than inclosed, . . . constitutes the great university of Massachusetts.' Nay more, he treats Memorial Hall with respect, and seriously states, in the capacity of Mr. James himself, that 'the effect of the place is singularly noble and solemn, and it is impossible to feel it without a lifting of the heart.' We call special attention to this sentence, both as proving that Mr. James intended to satirize objectionable Bostonians alone, and that it is unjust to say that he 'lacks feeling.'

After this, it may be added that his pictures of Dr. Tarrant, the mesmeric healer; his faded and crushed wife, with her aspirations for 'society'; Miss Birdseye, veteran reformer; Mrs. Farrinder, great womans'-rights speaker, who would like to 'reach' Beacon Street by the aid of some initiated member; Olive Chancellor, the intense young woman hunting for a mission in life; and Verena Tarrant, the innocent and self-confident product of suburban Tarrantism—all these are remarkably well drawn. Basil Ransom, the chivalric and impoverished Mississippian; the rich New York Burrages; a pseudo-literary club in this city; and the plump and selfish Mrs. Luna, are more hackneyed characters. To sum up the merits and demerits of the book, one might justly say that Mr. James says nothing, in 449 closely-printed pages, but that he says it with an art that is constant and charming. Who else, of living writers, has a touch so fine that the reader is content to skip nothing? Each sentence seems as condensed as possible, but the story

\* The Bostonians: A novel. By Henry James. \$2. New York: Macmillan & Co.

moves very slowly; indeed, the story—with its comparatively crude devices and inartistic close—is what one cares least for.

"Marius the Epicurean."\*

To translate the fragment of Greek writing prefixed to Pater's romance, the book is 'a winter's dream when the nights are longest;' and a grave, sweet, and beautiful dream it is. Our libraries are stocked with *tendens*-romances; we have romances depicting Athenian, Egyptian, and Roman life; we have Xenophon's philosophical romance of Cyrus; we have the 'Charicles' and 'Gallus' of Bekker, brimful of Greek and Roman learning; the hieroglyphics again glow with marvellous life in the romances of Ebert; 'Wilhelm Meister,' with its mystic and wonderful 'apprenticeships' and 'wanderings,' reveals the poetry and the dreams of the Eighteenth Century, its passions, its turbulence, and its aspirations; but never before have we had a romance so peculiar as 'Marius the Epicurean.' *Favete linguis!* 'Silence, propitious silence!' the author seems to cry as we set forth on our voyage through his crystalline pages, and scene after scene unfolds itself before us of the 'sensations and ideas' of his hero. The spirituality of the book—which may be called the memoirs of a beautiful soul—again and again recalls the author of 'The Little Schoolmaster Mark.'

The time is the time of Marcus Aurelius—the time of Apuleius, of Fronto, of Lucian, of the Stoic philosophy enthroned in the seat of the Cæsars, where everything basked in the light of a rejuvenated golden age and *élite* intelligences discussed with rare acumen the questions of immortality, of highest æsthetic beauty, the *arcana celestia* of the Platonists no less than the brilliant sensuousness of the philosophy of Aristippus. In this arena of matured ripeness, when all things Roman had reached their highest perfection and the light of midsummer burnt on the imperial hills, Pater conceives as brought into the world an elect spirit—'Marius'—endowed with all the heavenly-mindedness and openness to conviction of Pascal. Marius grows up strong and pure and lovely and of good report—a sort of 'jewel in the lotus' of this mighty, wipe-open Roman Empire. He turns to the Epicurean philosophy as one of the most refined and, in its then form, intellectual philosophies of the day, and works out for himself from it a code of life and conduct agreeable for the time in the highest degree. At this period of his career he meets with Flavian, his school-fellow, and with him reads over the fantastic and yet suggestive and ingenious writings of Apuleius—that strange African with the Rabelaisian streak across his nature, a banded agate full of strange spots and sudden flashings. With him he reads Apuleius's 'Psyche and Cupid,' of which we are treated to an English version as exquisite as Amyot's version of the 'Daphnis and Chloe' of Longus, in Old French. Flavian dies, and his pagan death is told with such pathos and such fulness of sympathy that one feels, resurrected for the moment, the whole tragedy of antique hopeless death—with all its eloquence of sorrow, its expressiveness of despair. Next Marius journeys to Rome, and during his journey the reader is treated to delightful touches of scenery, to amplitude of graceful reflection, to just that amount of antiquarian allusion which is sufficient—and no more—to put him thoroughly *en rapport* with the setting and date of the romance. At Rome Marius falls in with the philosophic Aurelius, with the beautiful but tarnished Faustina, with the garrulous rhetoricians and sophists of the day, and with the great phantasm and pageant of imperial life just before its decline. The city is still thronged with temples and palaces, with porticos, theatres, and baths, with the polyglot crowds of cosmopolites who sought Rome as their Mecca. Marius becomes acquainted with Aurelius, and there are many beautiful translations scattered here and there of the Emperor's

apothegms, of the speeches of his favorite teacher Fronto, and of the dialogues of Lucian. The book is not so much a romance as a series of detached or only slightly connected essays, profoundly acute and appreciative, on every phase of Roman idea and theory, religion and philosophy prevalent in the ripest days of Roman thought and reflected in the transparent spirit of Marius.

The Roman pantheon, crowded with celestial and terrestrial figures, lacked but one to make it perfect—the figure of Jesus. This it receives; and its effulgence breaks from the catacombs and shines through the concluding chapters of the book. Marius becomes known to Cornelius, who is a Christian. The peace and serenity for which he has been all his life longing he finds incarnated in this strange sect. More and more interesting they become to him in the midst of the dissolving alarms and terrors of the day—these 'missioners' of the sweet Galilean peace. They have within them that belief in immortality for which he too yearns, but which none of the sects—Stoic or Cyrenaic—promise him. In a sudden passion and fury of fanaticism against the followers of Jesus, which seizes the Romans, Marius is identified with them, and he escapes a martyr's death only by succumbing to a disease which overtakes him on his way to Rome. All this is told in a style so accurately and variously perfect, with such a wealth of thought and illustration, of 'sensation and idea,' that one can but marvel at the delicacy and fertility of Mr. Pater's intentions, at the rhythm and color of his prose style, and at the depth and richness of his knowledge. A 'memoir of a beautiful soul' it is, first and last—beautifully dreamed, exquisitely wrought—a 'dream' flung from the Ivory Gates with all its train of lovely attendant sprites.

Swinburne's "Victor Hugo."\*

THERE are languages in which the superlative has dwindled to a meaningless shadow and has to be compared over again. There are others in which the dialect of praise is rung most musically on a thousand different chords, with all imaginable *diminuendo* and *crescendo* of caressing epithet, startling extravagance, and unexpected paradox. Hitherto our English, 'sweete ou oure tongue' as on the Clerk of Oxenford's in Chaucer, has been beautifully simple, straightforward, and suggestive in its expressive plainness, needing no Italian exuberance to make its approbation more keenly felt, nor any Semitic superabundance of flower and phrase to point its praise. All this, however, is—in Hugoan language—'une vieille chanson' though a 'chanson du jeune temps.' It remained for Mr. A. C. Swinburne, poet and republican, to invent a new speech, to promulgate a new worship, to discover a new method of torture, to evolve a language composed entirely of superlatives, and to describe in this language or 'lingo'—which is neither English nor French, neither prose nor verse (as M. Jourdain would say)—the idol which he has set up. We had all heard of Victor Hugo before; some of us had even taken diffident peeps into his multitudinous leaves. But it remained for Mr. Swinburne, in two hundred pages of superlative superlatives, to tell us that Hugo was the great—greater—greatest—'most greatest' and 'most highest' poet that ever lived or ever will live. With his flashing artillery of adjectives he enfilades his favorite—he peppers his pages—he sprinkles his paragraphs,—a human *mitrailleuse* vomiting forth fine frenzies and fine phrases till the soul is sick and spews out its repletion.

Of criticism, in the proper sense of the word, in all this tirade there is absolutely none. There is heat, fire, fume, smoke, sneering, not a little. 'English as she is spoke' is only equalled by English as she is writ in these amazing pages. Would Mr. Swinburne ever get across the Styx with his load of words? Would he not, first, have to undergo the fate of Charon's passengers, in Lucian's 'Dialogues of

\* Marius the Epicurean: His Sensations and Ideas. By Walter Pater. Second Edition. \$2.25. New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* Victor Hugo. By A. C. Swinburne. \$1.25. New York: Worthington & Co.



the Dead"—strip off his superfluity of naughtiness, cast away his superlatives, 'shed' his adjectives, and step in in the nakedness of the pure idea? And how wonderfully light then! Ay, light as air! One flash of an idea would prick all these fulminating verbositys and let the wind out of them. Of Hugo all know: a great, an exquisite poet, whose genius like a tropical *liana* smothered all it touched, licking and coiling round it in garlands of fire; not a 'morning-glory' only, but a universal glory—a universal genius. But was not even the Shekinah obscured by the veil let down before it? May not even his fame suffer by indiscriminate adulation?

#### The United Brethren.\*

FROM an obscure denominational publication house there has appeared one of the most valuable contributions to religious history ever made in this country. It is written with enthusiasm, and yet with a true historic insight and judgment. For the first time in English we have in this work a worthy account of the labors and the life of John Hus (now to be accepted as the true spelling). His work prospered in Bohemia, and a century before the Reformation was established a national church. From it there was developed the *Unitas Fratrum*, which has all through the centuries kept aloof from what was harshest in the Calvinistic theology. It found its creed in the teachings of the Greek Fathers rather than in those of Augustine, and from that influence grew its deeper hold on the spiritual and the practical life. The history of the Bohemian church is full of the greatest interest, not only because it antedated the Reformation, but because of its connection with the Albigenses, the Reformers themselves, and with such men as Schleiermacher in later times. The present volume relates the history of this unique church down to the middle of the Eighteenth Century. A subsequent volume is to take up the history from the time of Zinzendorf and the establishment of the Moravian Church. The interest which the Moravians have secured for their work cannot but be increased by this account of the heroic struggles made by their predecessors in earlier centuries. From the establishment of Christianity in Bohemia, in the Ninth Century, by two Greek priests, the authority of Rome was rejected. The principles of the Reformation appeared there from the first, and the Catholic faith was established only after centuries of bitter persecution. The influence of the United Brethren on the religious life of the last century and a half has been deep and abiding. The spirit of Hus and Comenius has remained with them, and given a grand spiritual purpose to their labors. The author has done a noble work in writing this volume, and one that will bring the influence of his church to the general knowledge of the world. Out of it will grow a new interest in the principles and ideas on which it is based, and thereby a fresher purpose will be added to the Christianity of our time. Fidelity, judgment and a scholarly thoroughness mark the volume in every part. There is no needless detail, but a wise insight into what is of most importance. The author considers the history of his church without undue bias, and with a true recognition of its great importance. In every way he has given us a work of genuine merit.

#### George Meredith's Novels.†

THERE are readers who like to have a poet or a novelist of their own, and who would have taken you off in a corner to praise 'Death's Jest Book,' or 'Joseph and his Brethren'—before Mr. Swinburne spoilt that book by overpraising it and reprinting it so that anybody could get a copy. The kind of book this kind of reader likes is a strange and unsuccessful book of a half-known man; a book which is too

eccentric in its cleverness ever to have got into a second edition. This kind of reader generally sets up for a critic—unmindful of Jerrold's harsh suggestion to a little man who made that declaration, that he should sit down again. He likes to carry about with him the work of a man whom he calls a Great Unknown because he has discovered his genius while the common herd disdains it. For years the writings of Mr. George Meredith have been favored by readers of this sort, and particularly 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel,' which existed only in the well-worn copies of the first edition. Despite the publication of his 'House on the Beach,' four or five years ago, in one of the handy series, and the quasi-success of the brilliant and tantalizing study of character called the 'Egoist,' the name of George Meredith is not well known to the host of American novel-readers, whose taste is being debased by the flood of cheap and trivial English fiction that sweeps across this country in ill-printed and unbound pamphlets. It was probably one of the admirers of the marvellous tales of the marvellous novelist who signs herself 'the Duchess,' that ventured to ask not long ago—just after Messrs. Roberts Bros. announced this new edition of Meredith's novel—whether he was not the author of 'Lucile!' The only likeness between George Meredith and 'Owen Meredith' is a fondness for borrowing the basis of their stories: Lord Lytton takes his from George Sand or Heine or any where, and Mr. Meredith takes his from life and the records of life. The heroine of 'Diana of the Crossways' was only too obviously a literary portrait of the brilliant Mrs. Norton, Sheridan's granddaughter; and in the 'Tragic Comedians,' Mr. Meredith treated the story of Lasalle's relations with a lady now residing here in New York with her husband. It was 'Diana of the Crossways' which first made a popular hit in England; it is the ninth of Mr. Meredith's novels and not the best, but it was the first to go through several editions and attract the attention of that strange creature, the Average Reader. But it is small wonder that Mr. Meredith is not popular. His books are hard writing and they are not easy reading. There is a shell to be cracked, and perhaps a liking for the kernel within may be an acquired taste. But the effort is its own reward. Mr. Meredith is somebody; he stands on his own legs; he sees with his own eyes; he speaks with his own voice—and he has something to say. As the rest of his novels appear, we hope to be able to recur to them for fuller consideration. All we may do now is to recommend them to the American reader, and especially to those who are heartily sick of the ordinary machine-made novel of British manufacture.

#### The Christian Ministry.\*

TO-DAY'S newspaper effaces yesterday's news, and the busy world may have forgotten what it read about these lectures when they were delivered. But assuredly the students who heard them remember them, and the Twentieth Century will be well underway before they cease to have a practical lesson for thoughtful men. They are frank in their admissions, wise in their suggestions, many-sided, and full of energy. True, they are not so compact as the author's lectures on 'Individualism,' and the stock of thoughts is not so fresh. One criticism would be that there are too many of them. The same ideas put into six or eight lectures, instead of twelve, would have been more effective. If this had been attended by the modification of some parts in which the Episcopal tends to dominate the Christian, the book would have lost nothing of permanent value. One might wish, too, for a little more generous recognition of the real worth to the Church of all the critical discussions of the day in the sphere of theology, religion and morals. But the words here uttered are for the most part what the words of a discreet and watchful bishop, intent on high

\* The History of the Church known as The *Unitas Fratrum*; or, The Unity of the Brethren. By Edmund De Schweinitz, Bishop of the *Unitas Fratrum*. Bethlehem, Pa.: Moravian Publication Office.

† The Ordeal of Richard Feverel. Evan Harrington. \$2 each. By George Meredith. Boston: Roberts Bros.

\* The Christian Ministry at the Close of the Nineteenth Century. By Rt. Rev. A. N. Littlejohn, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Long Island. (The Bishop Paddock Lectures, 1884.) New York: Thomas Whittaker.

practical ends, knowing the work, and knowing the men he talks to, ought to be. Everyone who sees what is going on is aware that the Protestant Episcopal Church is advancing with rapid strides to an influence and efficiency it has never yet known. With progress goes responsibility. Bishop Littlejohn sees this; his words are timely, and ought to bear much fruit. Above all, they are hopeful. It occurs to us to say that the binding of the book is rather painfully blue,—but this is no index of the tone of the lectures.

#### Recent Fiction

IT IS pleasant to find Flora L. Shaw, whose stories of children have been such a success, turning her pen toward fiction for older readers, and giving us so good a novel as 'Colonel Cheswick's Campaign' (Roberts). The story is clever and unique, the 'campaign' being the Colonel's skilful manœuvres in making his daughter love the man he wishes her to marry. The incidents are merely those liable to occur in ordinary English society; but the conversations and events are entertaining as well as natural, and the heroine is a great success.—THE hesitating reader who balances the striking and startling title of 'The Strange Adventures of Captain Dangerous' (who was a soldier, pirate, merchant, spy, slave, etc.), by George Augustus Sala (Franklin Square Library), against the very dull aspect of the very long and dry paragraphs, will be likely in the end to feel that the weight of evidence lies with the paragraphs rather than with the title.—IN *Shallow Waters*, by Annie Armit (Harper's Handy Series), is a well-written story of the martyrdom of a man who married a weak woman and who had a weak daughter. There is a wholesale moral, and a well-considered study, in this vivid picture of the cruelty and danger of mere shallowness.—'OLD Fulkerson's Clerk,' by Mrs. J. H. Walworth (Cassell's Rainbow Series), is a sensational story whose characteristics may perhaps please lovers of sensation.

'THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES,' by James M. Ludlow (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is one of the picturesque historical romances whose picturesqueness relieves the history to such an extent that the well-blended elements leave the general impression merely of romance. The story is stirring, vivid, and impressive, less as a whole whose plot is ingenious, than as a collection of episodes, each brilliantly written and so suggestive as to interest the reader apart from the mere story. The author has a rare command of language, and the book would be worth reading if only for the series of striking pictures it presents. It is a tale of 'local color,' and we have so few really picturesque writers, that the book might be welcomed even without its contribution to historical information.—'A DESPERATE CHANCE,' by Lieutenant J. D. Jerrold Kelley (Charles Scribner's Sons), fulfils its object of entertaining the reader, though perhaps not exactly in the way the author intended. The reader anxious for a hearty laugh cannot do better than to secure this tremendous tragedy for the purpose. Most people will feel repaid for struggling through it by the discovery of one simile alone—where the red sealing-wax on an important letter is said to have 'flamed like clots of blood gushed from an overflowing heart.'

THE short stories by Rose Terry Cooke reprinted from the magazines under the title of 'The Sphinx's Children' (Ticknor), are well worth reading over again and owning in this compact form. The author is a favorite magazine writer, and certainly possesses in an unusual degree the gift of combining brevity, originality, truth, fiction, humor, pathos, and moral. The stories show great versatility, and an enviable power of sympathetic insight not always united to such keen sense of the ridiculous.—'No. XIII,' by Emma Marshall (Cassell), is not a detective story, but an historical romance of the Third Century. It is not a very valuable contribution either to romance or to history. The student will rub his eyes with some surprise, and the reader of fiction will rub his with some sleepiness.

'A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH' (A. H. Andrews & Co.) is a very short story in pamphlet form, recording incidents founded on fact and certainly pathetic as a true story, but hardly original or powerful enough to seem of much importance as fiction.—'A DAUGHTER OF FIFE,' by Amelia E. Barr (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is an interesting story built on a somewhat familiar basis. The old, old story of an aristocratic lover who prefers a fisher maiden to his cousin, the heiress, is made by Mrs. Barr's ever-

skilful pen to seem quite unhackneyed and delightful. The only fault to be found with the book is a certain lack of wisdom in literary sanction of the *mésalliance* which the marriage of Maud Muller and the Judge could hardly fail to be.

#### To the Angel of Compassion.

DEAR angel, from thy pitying face  
Small comfort may we borrow;  
Not sympathy nor hope nor grace  
Can turn the edge of sorrow.  
But only time, with perfect art,  
Our sharpest grief assuages;  
While o'er the wretched, fainting heart,  
The days wear on like ages.  
Oh sad awaking, when the night  
Withdraws her sombre curtain  
To show no hope—no gleam of light,—  
And pain alone is certain!  
Oh heavy dark, when hopeless eyes  
Have closed in vain endeavor!  
Would that the sun might never rise,  
And we sleep on forever!  
Ah! well we know it comes again,  
Dear Angel of Compassion,  
The world, all heedless of our pain,  
Will alter not its fashion;  
The listless moon will not forget  
A shadow of her turning;  
The sun will find the grasses wet  
And dry them with his burning;  
But not our tears his fire will stay—  
Their torrent undiminished,  
Hot grief will hold its fevered way  
Until its work is finished.  
Nor yet for tempered winds we hope,  
Nor mercy's recognition,  
Until this fatal horoscope  
Has filled its dark tradition.  
Inexorable law of pain,  
There can be no appealing—  
Pride, faith, and wisdom, all are vain  
Till time shall do its healing.  
Not sympathy nor hope nor grace  
Can turn the edge of sorrow;  
But, downward set each smiling face,  
We wait until the morrow.

WOLSTAN DIXEY.

#### An American School at Rome.

THE last number of *Latine et Grace* (edited by Prof. E. S. Shumway, of Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J.) contains an epistolary symposium on the subject of establishing an American School of Classical Art and Archæology at Rome, to run in lines parallel with those of the American School at Athens. The project is one of great interest and importance, and its speedy realization would be a tribute to American enterprise and culture. The fact that the nucleus of such an organization already exists at Rome in the Roman, English and American Archæological Society, with a library and small resident membership, adds to the feasibility of such an undertaking. Its union with a permanent and endowed society, maintained by the contributions of our leading Universities, such as Yale, Harvard, Michigan, Columbia, Johns Hopkins, Princeton and Cornell, would ensure its long-lived existence, and redound to the untold benefit and glory, not only of the institutions concerned, but of the science of archæology in general.

America has made an admirable beginning at Athens, and



American archæologists are already beginning to command the respect of the classical world. A similar institution founded in the Eternal City would be highly advantageous. No city is so rich in magnificent ruins as Rome; none, perhaps, has been so little explored in comparison with its riches. In no place can the antique world and its complicated civilization be more vividly reconstructed and rejuvenated. Ancient history can often be studied only in the light of ancient art. Here is the opportunity for our classical students to see and study this history and this art with their own eyes.

The German Archæological Institute of Rome is already famous for the work accomplished by it. Travelling fellowships in classics and archæology, established in connection with an American Institute similar in aims, objects, and endowments, might accomplish similar results. There are priestly colleges at Rome; there is the famous French artistic Grand Prize of Rome and the French Institute; why not an American institution devoted to such topics as the French and German? We cordially commend the project to our scholars as well worthy of their consideration.

### The Lounger

To my mind, the most striking portrait at the present Academy Exhibition is Mr. J. W. Alexander's, of Dr. McCosh. What I like about the picture is its perfect simplicity. Mr. Alexander knew that the head of Dr. McCosh was picturesque enough, and needed no studio tricks to improve it. The venerable divine sits in an easy attitude in a big chair, 'doing nothing.' He has probably been reading, but now he is thinking. His head is thrown slightly forward and his eyes are fixed on the floor just beyond the other side of the frame. The background is of a greenish tint, without any accessories. This portrait was made for Princeton College, to whose walls it will lend dignity. Mr. Alexander has just finished a portrait head in crayon of Mr. Frank R. Stockton, which is being engraved to accompany a biographical sketch of Mr. Stockton by Mr. C. C. Buel in the *July Century*.

LIEUT. SCHWATKA has devoted himself almost exclusively to literature since his retirement from the Army and his return from the frozen north. I asked him the other day if he had any inclination to return to the scenes of his Arctic adventures, and he replied that if I meant just for the sake of going there, he had not; but that there were circumstances under which he would like very much to make such a trip. It would be his love of science rather than of adventure that would take him north again. He would like to study the Eskimo, and would be willing to devote ten years to this interesting pursuit. He thinks these far-off tribes are a 'connecting link' between many things of scientific importance, and believes that sooner or later this fact will be clearly proved.

MISS KELLOGG has just returned from a concert trip through the South with one idea deeply rooted in her mind—a desire to save the picturesque old missions of the extreme Southwest. She says she has seen nothing in the Old World to compare with them for architectural beauty; and if you express astonishment or incredulity, she shows you some photographs that carry conviction. These beautiful deserted buildings are going to rack and ruin, and already vandals are carrying them away piecemeal. The doors of a mission in San Antonio have been carried off to adorn the house of a barbarian New York millionaire. There is nothing but one's own scruples to keep one from helping himself to what he wants. In her enthusiasm Miss Kellogg sought and obtained an audience with the Governor, to urge him to take some action in the matter; but he told her the mission buildings were the property of the Roman Catholics, and he had no power to check the vandalism that was destroying them. But Miss Kellogg hasn't given up the idea of saving them yet.

SOME ONE writes to the *Brooklyn Eagle* to ask the derivation of the word *blizzard*, and the editor answers that it comes 'from the Anglo-Saxon words *blawan*, meaning to blow, and *blysan*, to blaze, as applied to a flame'—not as applied to a silk hat or a pitchfork, as one would of course suppose! 'THE CRITIC,' the national bird continues, 'a year or two ago claimed to have found the word *blizzard*, while groping about in the patois of

the French Canadian voyageurs, and that it denotes "a north wind that cuts like a knife." I have in my hand a copy of Harrison and Baskervill's new Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, and I fail to find in it the *Eagle's* persuasive '*blysan*, to blaze, as applied to a flame.' The only *blys* is a misspelling of *bliss*—and no one but a martyr ever found bliss in flames. *Blawan*, to blow, is good Saxon; but it is not *blizzard*. Some light might be shed on this subject by the railroad ticket-agent at New Rochelle, N. Y., who had the singular fortune to be born a *Blizzard*.

### The Fine Arts

#### The French Impressionists.

EVERY visitor to the exhibition at the American Art Galleries during the past week has brought away with him an impression of strange and unholy splendor, or depraved materialism, according to the depth of his knowledge and experience. Zola, Turner, the art of Japan, the magnificence of Velasquez, the lovely landscape of France, and the human eccentricity of which Paris presents the highest type—or the lowest—form chaotic pictorial fragments in his brain. So much for the superficial impression. With the distance of memory, the mental impression undergoes a process of subtilization, as do the pictures themselves when seen from afar. Their beauties and their uglinesses formulate themselves. It is distinctly felt that the painters have worked with decided intention, that if they have neglected established rules it is because they have outgrown them, and that if they have ignored lesser truths it has been in order to dwell more strongly upon larger. There is great knowledge—great even in a state of debauch—in these pictures. Where love of pure color has moved an artist to eliminate tone or values in its interest, he has done it with vigorous understanding. The value of suggestiveness is fully recognized in modern art. With the impressionists this acknowledged principle simply exists in an accentuated condition.

It is seldom that what is virtually an entire school of art is transported bodily from one country to another; yet this has been done in the case of the impressionists. In this exhibition we may study the school from its superb beginnings in the earlier works of Edouard Manet—that latter-day Velasquez—down to the contemporary period, when color and composition have been borrowed from Japan, and the whole solar spectrum is found on a foot of canvas. Between these two extremes the whole gamut of a painter's experience is run. A thousand fugitive moods have been caught and perpetuated by the brush. The tenderness and grace of impressionism are reserved for its landscapes: for humanity there is only the hard brutality of the naked truth. True, as they see the truth and feel it, the impressionists always are. First, in the study of Manet, come the three large single figures upon which the spirit of Velasquez has breathed. They are 'A Philosopher,' 'The Absinthe-Drinker' and 'The Mendicant.' No modern master has shown stronger handling of the figure than is found in these works. Their fine tonality affords abundant proof that when Manet chose to ignore the element of tone, he did so with perfect knowledge and intention. Among the most characteristic of Manet's figure-compositions are 'On the Balcony' and 'In the Conservatory.' His portraits of the fifer-boy, of Rochefort and of Faure, his large still-life, his Spanish bull-fight and his Lola de Valence, his race-course and his 'Kearsage and Alabama' illustrate several stages of impressionistic development. The brilliant and startling talent of Degas, who represents the best of the extreme side of the school, may be studied in his ballet of Robert le Diable, with its two distinct planes of composition and its weirdness of color and light; in his many ballet subjects, in his 'Women in a Café,' and in his café-singer. Degas is abrupt—bizarre—fierce, and almost terribly fascinating. Renoir, with his many variations of the same theme, from his masterly 'Déjeuner à Bongival' down to his apparently incoherent *Japonaiseries* of color and form, presents a most interesting study. Caillebotte's three planers at work on a

floor is a picture of singular aim and admirable execution; and in Seurat's large and uncouth composition, 'Bathers,' the uncompromising strength of the impressionistic school is fully revealed.

Some of the most delicious landscapes ever painted are to be seen in this exhibition. Claude Monet (not Manet) leads the school, and after him come Sisley, Boudin, Pissarro, and others of more or less extreme tendencies. Many French critics rate Boudin higher than Monet. Whatever is exquisite, tender, subtle, in landscape art, is found in Monet's works here exhibited. One might say that the feminine principle of impressionistic art is embodied in its landscapes and the masculine in its figures. There are certain pictures in this exhibition—those in the lower room—which do not belong to the school of impressionism; but they offer vigorous illustrations of the tendency of contemporary French art, and merit careful and appreciative study. New York has never seen a more interesting exhibition than this.

#### Art Notes.

MR. R. J. PATTISON's large painting of 'Niagara Falls in Winter' is now on exhibition at Wunderlich's. Mr. Pattison undertook a difficult task when he set out to put Niagara on canvas, and he has executed it tolerably well. Niagara is essentially an unpaintable subject, and the artist who attempts to render its sublimities defies fate. The treatment of the picture under consideration is rather panoramic. At the right is the road along the Canadian shore, which comes obliquely down to the foreground. The river, the Horseshoe Fall, the wide stretch of the rapids above the fall, and the clumps of snowy distant trees are all included in the composition. There is some excellent painting of snow and of water; and it gives evidence of conscientious study and careful execution; indeed, a little less conscientiousness and care might have improved it. The touch of indiscretion recommended by Sydney Smith would have given this picture the boldness and dash of handling required by the subject. The sky, in particular, is so elaborately worked over that it comes altogether too far forward. The effects of light are truthful and the color is good. The painter has triumphed over the difficulty of keeping so large a picture together, and has infused a good deal of artistic interest into his work.

—Prang & Co. send us an assortment of Easter cards, which are appropriate to the season but do not show any great advance in the ideas of the designers. They are about the same we have every year—symbolic and pretty, but indicating little originality. The work of the lithographers is the best thing about them. The one novelty is a daintily printed little book of Easter poems bound in padded satin with Easter lilies stamped in colors on the cover. That Prang & Co. are anxious for novelties is proved by the fact that they offered over \$500 in prizes for the best essays on the social and educational character of Christmas cards, with suggestions for their improvement. Out of 600 competitors, all ladies, the highest prizes were awarded to Miss Janet H. McKelvey, Miss Helen Gray Cone and Miss Grace A. Ingalls.

—The collection of more than fifty sketches and studies by William Gedney Bunce, now on exhibition at Reichard's, seems to mark a culminating point in the career of this brilliant colorist and unconscious impressionist. Mr. Bunce is a painter by instinct and feeling rather than training or study, and the charm of his pictures lies in their spontaneity and freedom from self-consciousness. In this exhibition, the lagunes of Venice are presented in many moods of their vaporous beauty, with strong soft notes of orange and red mingling with the pale or dusky ground-tones that play so important a part in this painter's scheme of color. Beautiful as Mr. Bunce's Venetian studies are, and entirely as his name is identified with them, he is capable of striking a deeper note. The finest things in this exhibition are two New England landscape impressions, one giving a distant view of Mr. Millet's studio at East Bridgewater. They are not only lovely in color, but the paint is handled in a masterly manner, producing a rich effect of *impasto*—or, as the modern artist terms it, 'fat.' These pictures reveal a new and stronger phase of what in some painters would be called technique, but which in Mr. Bunce is pure nature.

—At the sale of the Wall-Brown collections, a Rousseau ('Landscape—Sunset') brought \$5950 and a Corot ('Forest of Fontainebleau'), for which the painter was said by the auctioneer to have received the Cross of the Legion of Honor, \$5500. In

all, 263 paintings were sold for \$151,847—an average of \$577.36.

—The Aspinwall gallery of oil-paintings, consisting of ninety pieces, sold last week at Chickering Hall by Ortgies & Co., brought \$43,845. The hall was filled with purchasers, and the bidding at times was very spirited, but as a rule the greater the painter the lower was the price paid for his work. An alleged Rubens, a Titian, a Da Vinci and a Veronese brought altogether only \$1690.

#### Swamp-Notes.

By permission of the friend to whom it was addressed, we print the following interesting letter, written somewhat over a year ago by the graceful poet and well-trained naturalist who holds the position of State Geologist of Indiana.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., 28 Dec., 1884.

For some weeks I have been walking in these woods, following the footsteps of Bartram and Audubon. I am in the region of Pearl River and the Rigolets, of Lake Borgne and of Bay St. Louis. At almost every cabin in the woods I hear the musical *patois* of the Creole. Naturally enough, in the midst of a French-speaking people, no matter if the pronunciation is not that of Paris, one gets French literature into one's head. Some of my recent studies have been ringing in my brain whilst straying under the moss-hung live-oaks on the rich hummocks of the Terre aux Bœufs and along the banks of the Catahoula. This is a propitious time for the publishers to send out a translation of 'Atala'—Chateaubriand's famous romance of wild life in the America of long ago. When I was a boy, next after Télémaque I mumbled delightedly through a cheaply bound but very precious edition of the book which now appears with Doré's very striking if very unillustrative pictures. By the way, what romantic ideas of (American) Indian life and manners these old story-tellers had! And, too, what a wealth of sonorous phrasing they expended on the description of landscape scenery! Chateaubriand did not fail altogether in his descriptive passages. The glooms and gleams that he pictured still rest or waver in these primeval swamps and upland forests. Is not his book of greatest interest to us, however, as a foil for the brilliant French novel of to-day? Compare 'Numa Roumestan' with 'Atala' and it is a good deal like placing one of Gilmore Simms's tales beside Mr. Howells's latest novel. A poem, so-called, by La Chaucée might compare as well with a lyric by one of the latest Parisian geniuses. I am not so sure, nevertheless, that it would not be restful, and even put a little zest into our over-analytical prose and our preter-artistic verse, if we could have a modicum of the old-fashioned boyish enthusiasm dashed into them. Chateaubriand's story has a wonderful amount of breezy, broad romance in it, along with a Paul-and-Virginia love-sick sentimentality, which strikes one with a peculiar bland force, so to speak. While this great exposition is going on over here at New Orleans, the people from all parts of our country will be borne at race-horse speed by the steam-locomotive through the very scenery that Chateaubriand described; and, as I have said, it is still unchanged in many places.

I have had a good opportunity to note the very wildest features of these swamps and hammocks, these *savannes* and cane-jungles, while I have been trying to get some bird-knowledge. The ivory-billed woodpecker is here, *pic-bois noir* the Creoles call it, inhabiting the innermost chambers of the cypress wastes. In making my inquiries at the cabins and plantation houses I have caught a glimpse, as it were, of the *patois* of the lower Creole classes. They call a little bird of any kind *so-so*; the mocking-bird is *moquer*; a marsh is a *prairie*, and so on. Most of the words they use are French, but the sounds have been curiously corrupted. Whites, quadroons, negroes, all prattle this fascinating lingo, breaking off now and then into very good English, as if to show their knowledge of our tongue. How often since coming here I have been reminded of Mr. Cable's masterly descriptions of low-country scenery, and of his inimitable lipping sketches of Creole dialect. They are like bits of water-color. Speaking of birds in this paradise of birds reminds me that in the ornithological exhibits at the Exposition at New Orleans there is but one mounted specimen of the far-famed and rare ivory-billed woodpecker, and it has been furnished with claret-red eyes by the taxidermist! What would Audubon or Wilson say? I felt like plucking out the offending beads and putting in at my own expense the eyes of pale gold fire to which the king of his kind is entitled. The issue of THE CRITIC containing Prof. Harrison's pleasant notice of my monograph on the mocking-bird, recently published in *The Atlantic Monthly*,



reached me in the Pearl River country a few day ago. I cannot afford to believe the mocking-bird guilty of poisoning its young. They have told me the story in all the bird's haunts, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, but I have tried in vain to prove it true. I have known instances where the bird successfully fed its young through the bars of a cage. If the mocking-bird does really poison its young, under certain circumstances, the fact should be established and the nature of the poison discovered by dissection. It would be a very singular, if not a valuable, addition to knowledge.

Walking by the edge of an oak-grove between two lagoons, I yesterday came close upon a blue-bird in mid-winter. It was a male, and was twittering just as it does with us in spring-time. I fancied that he was a late-comer from the North dallying here for a few days. He turned his head sidewise and, if I mistake not, he said: 'John Burroughs sends his compliments.' What a dash of May he gave to the sombre semi-tropical wood! His voice made me homesick. Suddenly the sweet sharp wind from the Gulf was toned down almost to sadness. There is something very tender in the notes of domestic life, whether piped by a Burns or a blue-bird. The little fellow did not appear to be at home among Creole birds. Possibly he had come to drop in on the Exposition! If so a few hours leisurely flight would have taken him to the main building, for the old light-house on the Rigolets was in sight, just above the grassy horizon of the marshes westward, beyond which lies the most interesting old city in America—the crescent of D'Iberville and Bienville.

MAURICE THOMPSON.

### Magazine Notes

THE presumption in favor of a successful editor's sagacity is strong, and *The Forum* for April may therefore be taken as an encouraging sign that people are interested in serious topics not perversely made dull. Mr. David Dudley Fields asserts the State's duty to the neglected child. Mr. Andrew Carnegie expounds clearly and practically 'An Employer's View of the Labor Question.' Monsignor Preston makes a strong and dignified argument for religion in schools, and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes about 'Our Boys on Sunday.' Prof. Noah K. Davis puts some bile into his words on 'The Negro in the South,' George Gunton some statistics into his advocacy of an 'Eight-hour System,' and Prof. Swing some kindly sentiment and vagueness into his portrayal of 'The Ideal Church.' The 'light business' is done by Gail Hamilton, gossiping about everything but 'Florida' under that title, by O. B. Frothingham's disappointing paper on 'The Interviewer,' and by T. W. Higginson's agreeable reminiscences of his early years of study.—*The Political Science Quarterly* is a new-comer (March), under the direction of the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College. Prof. Munroe Smith opens the discussions with a definition of the field to be occupied, and is followed by Prof. J. W. Burgess, who advocates, in a striking article on 'The American Commonwealth,' the National as contrasted with the State idea. Other articles and book-reviews are by Prof. Richmond M. Smith, Commissioner A. T. Hadley, F. J. Goodnow, F. W. Whitridge, and Daniel De Leon. Public discussion is good, and there is a field for such a periodical; but must such papers be multiplied so quickly? The Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science (monthly) are already in the field, and *The Citizen*, another monthly just founded in Boston, will find it hard to avoid encroachments and collisions. It would be a pity to have any of these become the mere organ of a college or a clique. Is combination impossible?

*The Brooklyn Magazine*, having recently proved to its own satisfaction that Brooklyn is a much finer city than New York, has now somewhat mysteriously moved over to New York. Having also recently rebuked the Brooklynites who in travelling register themselves as from New York, is it not a little inconsistent that it appears now upon its own title-page as '*The Brooklyn Magazine*, Murray Street, New York?' It has been enlarged, and has two 'Supplements' to the regular number this month, one of which is given up to reports of Mr. Beecher's sermons and the other to reports of Dr. Talmage's. A number of well-known writers contribute to a discussion on 'When Shall our Young Women Marry?'—with the unanimous verdict which might have been expected, that circumstances alter cases. An ingenious compilation of capping verses from thirty-eight poets on 'Life' appears in the Salmagundi.

*The Andover Review* for April continues the discussion of 'The Spiritual Problem of the Manufacturing Town,' by the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Fall River, who should understand it, and clearly does. Prof. James Garnett calls attention to 'The Elective

System of the University of Virginia,' and demonstrates—without hinting at it by a word—the fact and the disadvantage of a now happily vanishing sectional ignorance as to Southern solutions of problems which are taxing Northern educators. The Rev. J. Max Hark endeavors to apply Dr. Trumbull's 'Blood Covenant' to the doctrine of atonement, and Dr. Langdon writes again on 'Possibilities of Religious Reform in Italy.' From the other departments of the *Review*, we name only the manly editorial in behalf of courageous pulpit-teaching about the Bible, and the acute and careful paper on 'The "Didache" Viewed in its Relations to Other Writings,' by Arthur C. McGiffert.—The portraits of three New York millionaires are printed in the April *Genealogical and Biographical Record*. They are those of William H. and Cornelius Vanderbilt and Col. Henry Rutgers, a hero of the Revolution and survivor of the War of 1812. One is struck, in comparing the faces of the two Vanderbilts, with the apparent reversal, in the case of this family, of the order of nature with respect to the refining influence of the possession of wealth: the son here looks much more like a 'self-made' man than the father. The portrait of Col. Rutgers accompanies a genealogical and biographical sketch of the patriot and philanthropist from the pen of Mr. Ernest H. Crosby, one of the many collateral relatives of the distinguished old gentleman who survive, under various surnames, in this city.

In the April *Outing* the most interesting article is Mr. E. S. Jaffray's long and fully illustrated paper on 'American Steam-Yachting.' Mr. Jaffray writes with vigor, as well as abundant knowledge of his subject. The second of Theodore Roosevelt's ranch articles appears in this number, accompanied by a portrait of the versatile author that does scant justice to his face. An account of a chat with Stanley is followed by copious extracts from his book, 'The Congo'; Mr. Stevens continues his bicycle journey round the world; and Lieut. John Bigelow is still in pursuit of Geronimo, with little likelihood of overtaking him.

### Two Men-of-Letters.

[*The Saturday Review*.]

TWO names of considerable men-of-letters, with whom literature was nevertheless only a secondary occupation, have been removed within a few days from the scanty list of survivors of the outgoing generation. The business of both their lives lay apart from the works by which they were generally known. Archbishop Trench, in addition to the ordinary duties of a prelate of the highest rank, spent his later years in attempts to direct or moderate a great and unwelcome ecclesiastical revolution. The profound and almost melancholy earnestness of his character, as it was reflected in his demeanor, would not have suggested the undoubted fact that he was a successful and popular author. His theological treatises belong to his sphere of professional activity; but his secular writings had a wide circulation, and some of them are not yet obsolete. Sir Henry Taylor achieved reputation as a poet in the earlier part of a long official career of nearly fifty years. The world in general may perhaps be still unaware that the author of 'Philip Van Artevelde' had been a confidential adviser of more than twenty Colonial Secretaries of State. While he was still young in office and in years he took an important part in the legislative and administrative measures which followed the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indian Islands. He was allowed at an unusually early age to share in the discussion by his chiefs of important questions; and it was by his own choice that he remained during his long period of service in the unambitious position of an ordinary Civil servant.

The Autobiography of Henry Taylor, which was published a year or two ago, has enabled all who take an interest in the subject to become familiar with his peculiar character and with his uneventful life. Solitary education in a remote country house, while it confirmed his thoughtful and studious disposition, left its traces in comparative narrowness of sympathies and limitation of interest in social and political life. During the earlier part of his London life he shut out wisdom at one of its main entrances by the perverse mistake of not reading the newspapers. Indifference to current history, and consequent ignorance of its daily lessons, disqualify the ablest men from forming valuable judgments on public affairs. The business of the Colonial Office, though it may have been for the most part special and peculiar, must often have required illustration from current events and from public opinion. The neglect of the most indispensable sources of information was a consequence of seclusion in his youth from the society of his equals; but fortunately his personal qualities introduced him before it was too late to the society of some of his ablest contemporaries. Having formed a

close intimacy with some of the Villiers family, he became acquainted with Mill and Austin, with John Romilly, with Strutt, afterward the first Lord Belper, and with many of their well-known friends. It was a proof of intellectual independence that, while he profited by the society of the rising Utilitarian leaders, he never became a convert to their opinions. He took no part in politics, and he felt little interest in abstract discussion. The quiet Conservatism to which he was naturally inclined was only modified in his later years by personal admiration of Mr. Gladstone.

A wider range of society was placed within Mr. Taylor's reach when he became suddenly famous by the publication of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' The felicitous choice of a subject, and probably the study of Barante, from whom he derived his materials, were suggested by his early friend Southey. The vehicle of dramatic dialogue was under a happy inspiration selected by himself. The elevation and the lucid clearness of the style, the picturesque attractiveness of the story, and the gnomic wisdom of many striking aphorisms, fully explain the lasting success of a poem which is still popular after the lapse of fifty years. The dramas which followed have not inconsiderable merit; but Anglo-Saxon history is fatally prosaic, even in the fortunes of 'Edwin the Fair'; and in the 'Virgin Widow' Taylor attempted a style of comedy for which he had not the requisite elasticity or ease. He succeeded better when he returned to Barante in 'St. Clement's Eve'; but when all his other dramas and his prose compositions have been forgotten, 'Philip Van Artevelde' will survive. Since the time of Scott there has been no historic fiction in prose or verse of equal interest. Henry Taylor had not the supreme gift of creating living characters; but he succeeded to a great extent in the difficult task, best accomplished in 'Ivanhoe,' of reproducing in a credible form the life of a past and half-imaginary age. He may well be excused for believing that 'Philip Van Artevelde' was suited for the stage, as the illusion was shared and originated by Macready. The literary reputation, which proved to be as durable as it was rapid in its commencement, brought with it permanent social advantage; but Mr. Taylor was contented with the experience of one or two seasons of fashionable popularity. He had acquired an enviable position, he had secured many valuable friendships and a large share of general esteem, and when in due course he also became the head of a happy home, he, like his own hero, was satisfied 'to bear a temperate will and keep the peace.' In 1847 he declined for some unknown reason Lord Grey's offer of the permanent Under-Secretaryship of the Colonies. At a later time he accepted the modest dignity of a K.C.M.G., and he was to have been made a life peer, if Lord John Russell's measure for the institution of that dignity had been passed. After his retirement he enjoyed all the good things which should accompany old age, including honor, love, obedience, and troops of friends. In eighty-five years he had probably committed as few errors as might be compatible with human weakness, and he had through life retained his self-respect and the esteem of all around him.

Archbishop Trench, born seven years after Sir Henry Taylor, is not less fully entitled to the honor which attends a strenuous, useful, and blameless life. He also was a genuine poet, though not of the highest rank, and his mind was saturated with literary cultivation. His books on words and on proverbs are not only original and instructive, but they have the eminent merit of being thoroughly readable. Dr. Trench's appearance and manner probably seemed to strangers as if they might be characteristic of an enthusiast or an eccentric man of genius. In fact, both as a writer and as a member of society he was remarkable for tact and for a just appreciation of the tastes and feelings which it was proper or necessary to consult. Many of those who, with more or less reason, believed themselves to be popular authors would have been surprised to learn the pecuniary value of Dr. Trench's copyrights. His grave temperament was not inconsistent with a wholesome interest in ordinary affairs and with ready participation in social intercourse. He had been fortunate both in opportunities of introduction to general society and in the youthful intimacies which often form the most effective part of education. He belonged to the body which was known at Cambridge as 'the Apostles,' and from accidental circumstances his association with them extended over more than one academic generation. He lived on intimate terms with Charles and Arthur Buller, with Maurice, Sterling, and J. M. Kemble; and a year or two afterward he added to his list of friends Tennyson, Milnes, Spedding, Merivale, now Dean of Ely, Blakesley, lately Dean of Lincoln, Thompson, Master of Trinity, and others whose names have since become widely known. The constancy of Trench's nature was shown by his steady cultivation through

life of the friendships of his youth. A short and curious episode intervened between the end of his college career and his entrance into orders. He joined Sterling, Kemble, and one or two of his other friends in a wild project for the liberation of Spain from the despotism of Ferdinand VII. by means of a military insurrection in which the young English adventurers were to serve under a patriotic and mutinous general. The scheme fortunately collapsed, but one of the sympathizers lost his life, and others were exposed to serious danger. The form which juvenile enthusiasm then assumed forms a curious illustration of an almost forgotten historical period. In graver years the future Archbishop never deviated into political eccentricity, though he always felt a legitimate interest in public affairs. His Spanish enterprise perhaps accounted for his continued study of a language and literature which is rarely cultivated in England. Thirty years have passed since the publication of his *Essays on the Life and Genius of Calderon*, with translations in verse of passages from two of his dramas. In the biography he says that 'there are only three great original dramatic literatures in the world, and this, in which Calderon is the central figure, is one. Greece, England, and Spain are the only three countries, in the Western world at least, which boast an independent drama.' The little book on Calderon was, like all Trench's works, attractive and popular; but, except the admirable translations from the same poet by Edward Fitzgerald, scarcely any other attempt has, in recent times, been made to introduce English students to a knowledge of the Spanish drama.

Trench's original poems have perhaps still admirers, though they are scarcely likely to survive. In his youth it was, and perhaps it may still be, the custom of clever aspirants to try their strength in verse before they settle down to the business of their lives. Their sympathies and sentiments seem to them to require a free expression which might sound egotistical in prose; and many of them are unconscious of the imitative element which is introduced into their compositions through their admiration of greater poets. Trench's poems are not deficient in originality, and some of them are carefully and successfully polished; but they are in the nature of intellectual gymnastics and of prologues to the main occupations of life. Practice in verse tended in the case of the Archbishop and of many others to the improvement of prose style; but he probably in later years attached but moderate value to his poems. In verse or in prose he never wrote anything foolish or insincere. His literary career, like his active life, may be recalled with unqualified satisfaction by those who cherish his memory.

### Current Criticism

WHAT THE SONNET NEEDS.—The average writer of the modern sonnet seems to overlook one distinguishing feature of all the greatest products in this department of poetical expression. Thanks to the excellence of the best examples, and to the thorough criticism that has at length appeared on the subject, it is well-nigh impossible now to make a mistake as to what should be the form of a sonnet, or as to how its motive and its method should be adjusted and displayed. It is, no doubt, largely in consequence of the knowledge thus slowly acquired, and the artistic dexterity thence accruing, that any collection of modern sonnets presents a considerable quantity of work whose highest merit is the unquestionable one of the 'golden mean.' Sweet melodies and carefully balanced thought are good, but they are not everything. The epigrammatic line, the strenuous and boldly inserted maxim, the thrilling note of the wind instrument interrupting while supporting and enhancing the mellifluous movement of the strings—it is this feature that one misses in many of the hundreds of sonnets produced in recent years. It is the presence of this element that serves to differentiate the poet and to make his work memorable, as we see in the work of Wordsworth at his best, and notably in the sonnets of Dante Rossetti.—*The Athenaeum*.

LONGFELLOW'S 'DANTE.'—Though he had at earlier periods of his life turned a considerable part of the 'Divine Comedy' into English, it was not till the year 1863 that he set himself to complete and revise the work. It was in connection with this translation that the 'Dante Club,' as he calls it in the journals, was formed. Every few evenings several of his more intimate friends would meet at his house to hear him read the work done since their last gathering, and critically to examine it with him line by line. Among these friends Mr. Lowell and Mr. Norton were, we believe, the two most regular of his fellow-workers. Strangers who had letters to Longfellow were sometimes invited



to take part in the council, and such could not fail to be struck by the unaffected modesty with which he would listen to and discuss suggestions from any present, even when much less competent than himself, as to the meaning of the author or the style of the rendering. His views as to the best method of translating poetry had undergone a considerable change. He was always a felicitous translator. In his younger years, however, he had allowed himself a much freer departure from the original than he afterward thought permissible, and he would argue with much warmth in favor of his later view that the business of the translator is to give the very words of his author, neither more nor less. That a paraphrase might in some cases render the meaning of the original better than a literal version, he was not willing to admit. Longfellow's Dante would be remarkable even as a mere *tour de force*. Line corresponds to line and word to word throughout the whole poem with a fidelity which is truly wonderful. It is probably as satisfactory a translation, take it for all in all, as any that we have or are likely to see in English, and is often singularly happy and successful.—*The Saturday Review*.

HENRY STEVENS, OF VERMONT.—Within a week of his arrival he had made himself at home with our principal booksellers, and at the British Museum Mr. Panizzi, the keeper of the printed books, speedily recognized his qualities, and a connection sprang up which proved equally advantageous to Stevens and the Museum. To his unwearied enterprise the institution is indebted for most of its valuable American books, and, extending the field of his operations, he became a chief agent for purveying rare books of every class, as well as English pamphlets, which he systematically collected on a large scale. He further compiled and published a catalogue of all United States publications in the Museum to the end of 1856. In process of time he became an equally recognized agent for providing American collectors with the rarer productions of the European press. He formed for Mr. Peabody the library which the philanthropist presented to his native town. He purchased the greater part of Humboldt's library, and obtained for the American Government an invaluable collection of Franklin's manuscripts. He took especial interest in the history of the English Bible, and was largely instrumental in the success of the Caxton exhibition held some years ago. He wrote extensively on this and other bibliographical subjects, and has left a number of essays nearly ready for publication, but which his fastidious love of accuracy had prevented his issuing in his lifetime. Among these are investigations respecting Columbus, a subject in which he took the deepest interest; and a supplement to Mr. Fagan's 'Life of Panizzi,' containing a fund of anecdotes relating to the British Museum. Esteemed for his knowledge, ability and shrewd common-sense, he was even more beloved for his frank manliness, his kindly nature and rich genial humor. He was married to an English lady and leaves a son, the successor to his business.—*The London Times*.

### Notes

OUR London Letter failed to reach us in season for this week's issue.

—A movement is on foot for the erection of a tablet to the memory of Charles Reade in St. Paul's Cathedral. Lord Tennyson is among the contributors in England, and Mr. Lowell among those in the United States. Harper & Bros. will receive contributions for the fund.

—To-day (Saturday) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish Mr. Whittier's new volume, 'St. Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems,' and Prof. Josiah Royce's 'California'—the seventh volume in the American Commonwealths Series.

'Barbara's Vagaries' is the title of a novel by Mrs. L. B. Tidball, wife of Gen. Tidball of Fortress Monroe, which Harper & Bros. have in press. The scene is laid around Old Point Comfort. Among other books in the Harper press are 'Joseph, the Prime Minister,' by W. H. Taylor; 'Rolf House,' by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie (Harper's Young People Series); the second part of War and Peace, by Count L. Tolstoi, by special arrangement with W. S. Gottsberger; and 'George Eliot and Her Heroines,' by Abba Gould Woolson.

—The second annual meeting of the Industrial Education Association was held at Association Hall last Wednesday evening. The report which was read by Mr. Charles E. Merrill showed a most gratifying state of things. Nearly 2,000 pupils have been taught during the past year. The practical good done by this society cannot be overestimated. Under its supervision, boys and girls and young men and young women are taught the

industrial arts, and philanthropic ladies train the young women to be good cooks, waitresses and nurses. Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland organized industrial schools in Philadelphia on a similar plan, but his are exclusively for instruction in the arts, while these are more comprehensive in their scope. The officers of this association are Gen. A. S. Webb, President; Miss Grace H. Dodge, Vice-President; John S. Bussing, Treasurer; Miss L. E. Brown, Assistant Treasurer; and Miss Jane P. Catlett, General Secretary.

—'The Blessed Easter-Tide,' compiled by the editor of 'Christmas-Tide in Song and Story,' is handsomely issued, with two or three interesting illustrations, by Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. Many of the poems are translations from the Latin, and the original verses are by Kingsley, Milman, Margaret J. Preston, Dr. Newman and others. It is one of the handsomest volumes offered to the Easter buyer.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. expect to publish in time for summer reading a new novel by Professor Hardy, author of the much-praised 'But Yet a Woman.' It is said that the new story is a marked advance on the first in power and attractiveness.

—John Burroughs's new book, 'Signs and Seasons,' will be published to-day in Boston and London.

—William D. O'Connor's 'Hamlet's Note-Book,' the latest contribution to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, is to be published immediately by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. An enlarged two-volume edition of Nathaniel Holmes's 'Authorship of Shakespeare' is also announced by the same house.

—The new edition of the popular 'Satchel Guide to Europe' for 1886 is now ready.

—Mr. Rushton M. Dorman's library of 1810 'lots,' sold at the Leavitt auction-rooms last week, brought \$24,156. Napoleon's 'Egypt,' in twenty-two volumes, brought only \$203.50. The 'Storza Missal,' said to have been illuminated by Francesco Filippo Lippi for the Duke of Milan, was sold for \$1500.

—Prof. Thomas Anthony Thacher, who died at New Haven on Wednesday of last week, had been associated with the Latin department of Yale College for forty-eight years, and was the member of the Faculty longest in continuous service. He was not only a Yale graduate (Class of '35), but was bound to the College by traditional ties, one of his ancestors, on his mother's side, being the Rev. Thomas Buckingham, one of the Founders of the College. He was a maker of Latin text-books, and an extensive writer for the magazines, particularly *The New Englander*, on classical subjects. *The Tribune* says: 'He leaves nine children, all of whom survive.'

—Mme. Gréville's recent lecture on 'Russia Authors' was largely devoted to an account of Tourguéneff, with whom the lecturer had enjoyed the privilege of intimate friendship.

—A black-bordered circular informs us that the American and Antiquarian Bookselling Business established in London in 1845 by the late Mr. Henry Stevens, of Vermont, and to which his only son, Henry N. Stevens, was admitted a partner in January, 1885, will be continued by the survivor under the style of Henry Stevens & Son, at 115 St. Martin's Lane and 4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross. About the end of the present month this firm will issue the late Mr. Stevens's 'Recollections of Mr. James Lenox of New York and the Formation of his Library.'

—'London: Its Prose and Poetry' was the subject of the second of Mr. Moncure D. Conway's lectures at the University Club Theatre, on Thursday of last week. There is an intense practicality about London, said Mr. Conway. The city puts its impress of utilitarianism upon every man who comes within reach of its gigantic influence. Cardinal Manning was a dreamer who had dreamed himself out of the Anglican into the Roman Church. He came to London, and the dreamer was metamorphosed into an earnest, practical worker, whose one aim is to alleviate the circumstances and purify the lives of the masses of his fellow-men. It was the atmosphere of London that wrought this change. Speaking of the London clubs, the lecturer said: 'The fundamental idea of these great associations, whose palaces—for they are nothing less—line Pall Mall, is economy. The socialistic idea is the mainspring of the London clubs, and the absence of this idea is what has rendered imitations of these clubs in other countries failures. A man can dine at his club cheaper than at home, because he buys his provisions and his wines directly from the producer without the intervention of a middleman. A great club is nothing more than a great hotel with a choice of guests and without a landlord. And yet the poor laborer in the East End has no club and starves in his lodgings, because the privacy of his home must be respected.' The subject of Mr.

